

THE HOMESTEAD.

BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree
The honeysuckles clung;
But still I love the cottage where
I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!
The moss is on the roof,
And from their nests beneath the eaves
The swallows keep aloof.
The robins—how they used to sing
When you and I were young;
And how did flit the wild blue wing
The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
And the forms that we were wont to see,
We see and hear no more.
No more! Alas, we look in vain,
For those to whom we clung,
And love as we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A Story From a German Ballad.

BY EMMA SOUTH.

'Twas night, the star-gemmed and glittering,
When a bereaved mother lay tossing on her bed
In all the feverish restlessness of unanctified
sorrow. Sleep had fled far from her weary eye-
lids; and her grief-burdened heart refused to
send up from its troubled fountains the refresh-
ing stream of prayer.

The deep stillness that rested on the hushed
earth was broken by those saddest of all sounds,
the bitter wailings of a mother weeping for her
children, and "refusing to be comforted be-
cause they are not."

"Oh, woe, woe is me!" was the piteous cry
of that breaking heart, and the piercing sound
went up to the still heavens; but they looked
calmly down in their stary beauty and seemed
to hear it not.

And thus slowly passed the long, weary hours
of the night, and naught was heard save the
solemn chiming of the clock, telling, with iron
tongue, that man was drawing hourly nearer
to the quiet grave.

And as the mourner lay listening to Time's
slow, measured strokes, memory was busy with
the images of the loved and lost. Again they
were before her in all their youthful beauty;
she heard their gleeful voices and felt their
fond caresses. The night wind swept cooling-
ly into the casement, and, as it touched her
throbbing brow, it seemed like the soft kisses
of her loving children.

Poor mourner! Could earth furnish no ma-
gic mirror in which thou couldst always thus
see the dead living? Oh, no! for as melts the
fleecy cloud into the blue depths of heaven,
so passed away the blessed vision; and seeing
but the coffin and the shroud, again arose on
the silent air those tones of despairing an-
guish: "Wee is me! my sons are dead!"

Then softly and sweetly sounded forth the
matin chimes, blending their holy music with
the anguished cries of the bereaved mother.—
In the midst of her sorrow, she heard the bell's
sweet harmony, and, leaving her sleepless
couch, walked forth into the refreshing air.—
Morning was breaking cold and gray over the
earth, and the stars were growing pale at the
approaching step of the monarch of the day.

Slowly walks the mourner through the yet
sleeping woods, whose flowers are folded in
silence, and whose birds give forth no carols.
She reaches the antique church and enters the
sacred door. A mysterious light—light that
is almost shade—is brooding over the holy
aisles, clothing in shadowy garments the pale
images of departed saints; wrapping in a mantle
of dimness the carved sepulchres; throwing
strange gleams over the tall white columns;
and embracing, with pale arms, cross and pic-
ture, and antique shrine. In the midst of this
mysterious light kneel a silent company; each
head is bowed on the clasped hands, and no
sound is heard save a deep, far distant mur-
muring, like the voice of the mighty wind
when it passes through the leaves of the dark,
old pines, dwelling in some dim, solemn wood.

Suddenly every head is lifted, and the moun-
der sees in that vast company friends who had
been sleeping long ages in the silent tomb.—
All were there again; the friends of her cloud-
less childhood, who went down to death's cold
chambers in all their stainless beauty, sinking
into the grave as pure as the snow-flake that
falls to the earth. And there was the sister of
her home and heart, the tried friend of sor-
rows shaded hours, who, in dying, left a mighty
void that could never fill. And there were
the "mighty dead," they whose footsteps,
when living, tracked the world with light—
light that now shed a halo over their graves.
And there were the meek, patient ones of earth,
pale martyrs to sorrow, who struggled hope-
fully through the dim vapors that surround the
world, and met as a reward the ineffable bright-
ness of heaven. They were all here, all who
had passed from earth amidst a fond tribute of
tears and regret.

All were here save two, those two the most
dearly loved among the precious company of
the dead; and wildly scanning the pale group,
the mother called aloud as she missed her chil-
dren: "Oh, my sons! my sons! would that I
could see them but once again!"

Then arose a loud voice, and it said: "Look
to the east!" and the weeping mother looked.
Oh! dreadful sight! there, by the sacred al-
tar, rested a block and a fearful wheel. Stretched
on these dreadful instruments of doom, in the
coarse garb of the prison, wrestling fiercely
with death in its most awful form, were two
poor youths; and in their woe countenances,
where crime and grief had traced their fearful
march, the mother recognized her lost sons.

Dismayed, heart-sick, despairing, she mo-
tionless stands; and the deep silence is again
broken by a voice speaking these words:—
"Mourner, whose every tone is a murmur at
Heaven's will, whose every expression is a
doubt of God's love, let this teach thee a

mighty truth. See the dark path of crime
they might have trod; see the agony, the
shame, the maternal anguish that might have
swept like a desolating tempest over thy heart;
then thank thy God, in a burst of fervent praise,
that he took them in unsullied youth from a
world of sin to a place of safe refuge."

The voice ceased, and darkness fell like a
pall on the marble floor; but through the arch-
ed windows came streaming the pale moon-
light, and beneath its holy rays, the mother
kneelt and prayed.

There fell on her heart a blessed calm, as a
voice whispered to the troubled waves of sor-
row, "peace, be still."

And the angel of death stole softly in, and
sealed her pale lips forever, whilst repentance
and resignation were breathing from them in
the music of prayer.

Oh, weeping mother! who art hanging gar-
lands of sorrow over fresh over thy children's
tomb, take to thy bereaved heart, and ponder
well, this "Mother's Lesson!"

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S STORY.

"Generally speaking," began the youth, "stor-
ies have what is called a moral to them; and if
you don't know what that means I shall not
stop to tell you."

"It matters very little who or what I am," con-
tinued he. "I have lain in silk and purple, and
grew up as one born to command. I went to
college, and very likely you think I was a wild,
harum-scarum devil of a fellow—boasting, driv-
ing, hunting, cultivating wine, cards, and so on.
Well, if you think so, you are mistaken. I was
a quiet, studious young man, I might add
moral; and it would have been perfectly true.
I loved books, study, and peace, was a good
scholar, liked the arts, and was a quiet infant.
But I still had a fiery devil in me."

"I fell in love with a little doll of a girl about
my own age, and for whom I would have taken
my heart out of my bosom. I could have put
her in my breast to shelter her as one would a
little bird; and she loved me with such strength
of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself,
there was such lavish trust that I would have
been converted from a debauchee into an honest
man."

"She is still now as a frozen rill—sleeping
like the streams of winter—she will never wake
again!"

"Yes, she was a lovely little trusting flower,
the daughter of a worthy tradesman, who loved
her as the apple of his eye! but she was worthy
of a throne, and I would have given her one if
I could. She is poor now, and so am I."

"Our dream of love was delicious, but very
brief. She eloped with me—she became my
wife."

"My parents heard that I had eloped with the
child of a tradesman, and threatened the poor
old fellow with ruin and annihilation. It
would not have taken much to have broken his
heart, for it was half gone already; but what
was done could not be undone;—and I thought
my father and mother loved me too well to
thwart me, and that I had only to bring her
home to give her another father and mother,
who would love her like her own."

"I meant to have put her back into his bosom,
and said, 'embrace your daughter, but also em-
brace my wife, and you can love her still!' but
that day never came. I believed, however,
very firmly in it, and I was happy, living in a
little Eden of my own, far from the turmoil of
life, and expecting then my little baby hourly."

"My parents prevented this. Yes, they hin-
dered all. We lived in Wales at the period,
and when my baby was born, and she put it in
my bosom, and laid her own sweet little head
beside it, I—I prayed for her, for both, and
loved them more and more. Then I made up my
mind to return to my father's home."

"One day I went to my little home, after walk-
ing, and I found her gone, both gone! Then the
sleeping devil within me woke up. I learned
from the people of the house, that a stern
man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed,
drove up in a splendid chariot, drawn by four
horses, and carried off—robbed me of my wife
and child. This man—this woman, were my
parents. I travelled night and day, and arrived
at their home in town."

I demanded my wife; they called her a dis-
signing, cunning girl; and they said something
worse of her than I could bear, and I silenced
them, and made them turn pale and tremble.
I demanded my child. They denied any
knowledge of either. I cursed both, and left
the house never to return to it again."

I need not tell by what means I traced my
Alice through stages of wretchedness and pen-
ury, till I found both mother and child dying
on a mean pallet in a parish work-house."

"I could have called curses from heaven and
fires from hell to avenge this unpardonable
wrong—for what had this pale and tender dove
done to win such an injury? But, when I saw
her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning,
and saw her wasted babe on the half starved
breast of the woman I adored, I stifled my soul;
I shed no tears; I heard her utter a cry of joy
and pain, and then the thin helpless hand wan-
dered over my head, as I laid it kneeling by her
side in that horrible hour, upon her breast be-
side my child."

"To lose a parent, to lose a mother one loves
—to lose a friend one is devoted to—to lose a
dog that has been your companion for long
years, is all painful; what was it to this? Was
it for this I had sought her? Was it thus my
parents had shown their love? Was it to see
her die that I had moved the heavens and the
earth to discover her?"

"Take my head in your arms, my dear George,"
she said faintly. "Take my child in your arms,
too. Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us,
do you not? God bless you! God protect you!
Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have
born much—but I loved you so dearly; and I
forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven."

The rough soldiers turned away, and one or
two wiped their eyes.

"Little Alice," I said, are you going without
me?"

"I am only going before you," she said; and I
felt that she was speaking the truth. "I am

going before you; clasp me closer; let me feel
your lips; lift my head; put my baby's mouth
to mine!"—and she died. And for an hour af-
ter I held her baby in my bosom, till I felt it
cold. It was dead too."

There was a long, deep, impressive pause—
and again he went on.

"They made my heart desolate, wretched and
void; and I—I, in turn, desolated their house-
hold, and wrecked their peace forever, as they
had two passions to feed and foster—the most
boundless love for me, their only child, and a
pride which God forgave them, they had also
given to me, and the latter the greater, they
sacrificed me to that pride. Well, I trampled
on their pride. They knelt to me in the dust
and ashes of humility, and I scorned them."

"They offered me a bride, the fairest in the
land, and I only laughed at them. They could
not give me little Alice, and I had nothing
else for which to ask. I had a grand funeral
from that workhouse for my wife and child,
and I put my name on her coffin lid, and after
that day I forgot that I had a name or parents,
and I felt that I had avenged Alice, for their
house is a house of mourning, and the world is
to them as to me—a sepulchre."

"And this is the reason that I don't care for
anything that comes or goes, that happens or
does not happen. I want to be dead. I want
to sleep, and never wake up."

The Territory of Kansas.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian says
that the proposed Territory of Kansas lies
west of Missouri. It extends west three or
four hundred miles, and consists principally of
beautiful and fertile prairies. The timber is
mostly confined to the neighborhood of water
courses. There is more wood, however, in
Kansas than in Nebraska, which lies west of
Iowa; and more in the eastern than in the west-
ern portion of the territory, where the tree-
less plains commence that stretch to the moun-
tains. The scarcity of timber is the only draw-
back, and this must prevent parts of it from
becoming thickly settled for a long time. It
would seem, that Providence designs these
immense prairies, stretching eastward from the
Rocky Mountains for a thousand miles, to be
the great grazing region of North America,
just as he does the Mississippi valley for grain,
the Gulf States for cotton, and the Atlantic
States for manufacturing. Upon the large
prairies of Illinois and Missouri, however,
hedges and stone fences are coming exten-
sively into use, and the same mode of fencing
will be adopted in Kansas. Coal is known to exist
in different sections of the territory, and it
will probably be found in sufficient quantities
for fuel.

The soil is well adapted to grass and grain,
and in portions of it, especially near the Kan-
sas river, there is an excellent hemp land.—
For farming purposes, that portion through
which the Kansas runs, with its numerous
small tributaries, is esteemed the most desir-
able. The soil is surpassed by none in the
West, and at no very distant day the valley of
the Kansas is destined to become one of the
most attractive in our country. It is situated
as near the centre of our country, also, as
need be; Fort Riley on the Kansas, one hun-
dred and sixty miles west of the Missouri line,
being the central point of the United States,
as near as can be ascertained. Along the val-
ley of the Kansas, also, must some day pass the
great thoroughfare between the Atlantic and
Pacific, whether the first Pacific railroad take
this route or not. Copper ore has been found
also in this region.

Sins of Iron.

We wandered into a machine shop yesterday.
Everywhere, up stairs and down stairs, intelli-
gent machines were doing the work, once done
by thinking and toiling men. In one place a
chuckheaded affair, looking like an elephant's
frontpiece, was quietly biting bars of cold
iron in two, as if they had been so many oaten
straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with
a spindle shaped weapon—a sort of "devil's
darning needle," was boring square holes
through the solid wooden wheels three inches
or more in thickness.

Away there in the corner of a device, about
as large and noisy as a humming bird, was an-
nouncing itself cutting out pieces of steel from
solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper
patterns with a pin.

All by itself, in another place, was a machine
that whistled like a boatswain, and rough
boards came forth planed and grooved, finished,
ready for a place in something, somewhere, for
somebody.

Everywhere these queer machines were busy
doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways;
boring and planing, grooving and morticing,
turning and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs in a room by itself, as it would
be alone, we found the grand mover of all
these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius
we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep
it just comfortable, and perhaps, not.

It was very busy—the thing was—moving an
arm of polished steel, backward and forward
over a frame equally polished and glittering;
as one in thought sitting by a table, passes his
fingers to and fro, along the smooth surface of
of the mahogany.

We say it was busy, and so it was; busy do-
ing nothing. It went nowhere;—it hammered
nothing, ground nothing, but just passed its
ponderous arm backward and forward. It nei-
ther ate nor spoke, but there, "from early morn-
to dewy eve," it timed the toll going on, every-
where around and above it.

There were indeed, a few men made of flesh,
sixty or so, here and there about the establish-
ment, furnishing rather than doing the work.

That thing with the iron arms was the work-
ers. It will work more.—N. Y. Tribune.

A sailor once had a high dispute with
his wife who wished him to the devil. "Plague
on me, Peg," said he, "if I don't think I should
fare pretty well with the old fellow, as I mar-
ried into his family."

A REMNANT OF ANCIENT SUPERSTITION.—A
German, known as Dutch Charlie, was recent-
ly murdered in Colorado county, Texas. As
the body was surrounded by people, an Irish-
man proposed that those present should suc-
cessively place their hands upon the body of
the deceased—believing that, whenever the
murderer touched it, the wounds would com-
mence bleeding anew. The suggestion was
acted upon, and, says a correspondent of the
Richmond (Texas) Inquirer, as soon as a man
named Hiltbrand applied his hand, the blood
began to flow. Hiltbrand was arrested, and
shortly afterwards committed suicide by hang-
ing himself.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

The pathway of the inebriate is lined with
rum shops, and dangers beset him at every cor-
ner. Said a weeping drunkard, not long since,
"I cannot now go to meeting, or to mill, for
my appetite controls me, and I cannot resist
temptation. But pass the Maine Law and I
could die a sober man, and I think, go to Heav-
en. Without it I must die a drunkard." There
is a tear in every word. And yet men who
know not the strength of the devil which
binds the drunkard, will deliberately place
temptations in his path endangering his ruin
in two worlds.

OUT AND IN.—A Frenchman, who was trav-
eling in a canal boat, was in the cabin at the
time the boat was about passing under a bridge.
The captain shouted "Look out!" to the pas-
sengers at the top of his voice. The French-
man understood him literally, and poked his
head up out of the cabin. He received a severe
bump upon the forehead which knocked him
sprawling upon the floor. He jumped up in
a great rage, scratched his head and address-
ed the captain in the most indignant style.
"Saret what you say 'Look out' for. Why
you not say 'Look in'?"

WALKING THE PLANK.—Napoleon the Great
called the throne "a plank covered with velvet."
Napoleon the little is at present busy "walking
this plank," and though he has kept himself up
hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would
be too much for any one to say whether he will
be able to maintain his equilibrium with the
same steadiness until he gains his end. And
when he does, who can tell whether, at that
very point, he may not suddenly fall over and
disappear in the "sea of difficulties," that, for
some time, has been raging underneath him.

A RAFTSMAN who had drank a little too
freely, fell from the raft and was drowning,
when his brother seized him by the hair, but
the current was strong, and the brother's
strength being nearly exhausted, he was about
relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the
drowning one raised his head above the water,
and said:

"Hang on, Sam, hang on—I'll treat—I swear
I will."

His words were stimulating, and the other
at length saved him.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.—A lady at Colum-
bus, in Ohio, recently inquired of the spirit-
rappers how many children she had.

"Four," rapped the spirit.

The husband started at the reply, stepped up
and asked:

"How many children have I?"

"Two!" promptly answered the medium.

The husband and wife looked at each other
with an odd smile on their features, for a mo-
ment and then remained non-believers. There
had been a mistake made somewhere.

We remember being at a conference
meeting once in Yankee Land, when one of the
deacons came around asking the people if they
wanted salvation. Near me sat a butcher's
boy of nineteen years old, about as amenable
to salvation, as a lamb in his hand would have
been to mercy.

"Do you want salvation?" said the deacon,
looking into his brutal face.

"No, darn you—I want Sal Skinner, and the
sexton won't let me take her out till meeting's
over."

Then was the time we roared.

"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pina-
fore red."

"But what have you to dye it with?"

"Beer, pa."

"Beer? who on earth told you that beer would
dye red?"

"Why, ma said yesterday that it was beer
that made your nose so red, and I thought
that."

"Here Susan, take this child to bed."

Goop.—"Now children," said a schoolmas-
ter, "remember what I have told you. All the
misery which afflicts the world, arose from the
fact that Eve stole an apple and divided it with
Adam."

"Gosh!" said a tow-headed urchin, "what a
pity it hadn't been our Sal. She's such a stingy
critter that whenever she steals an apple,
she eats the whole one herself."

A BEAUTIFUL CONCERT.—Some authors, we re-
member not who, informs us how we became
indebted for the red rose. They were all of a
pure and spotless white when in Eden they first
spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight
of creation. Eve, as she gazed upon the tint-
less gem, could not suppress her admiration of
its beauty, but stooped down and imprinted a
warm kiss on its snowy bosom. The rose stole
the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet
wears it.

WELL ANSWERED.—A young wife remon-
strated with her husband, a dissipated spend-
thrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he,
"I am only like the prodigal son; I shall re-
form by and by." "And I will be like the prod-
igal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and
go to my father," and off she went.

The "Have Nothings" is the name of
new association at Washington; composed of
doubtfully, of disappointed office-seekers.

Domestic Receipts.

SEARCHING LINES.—To those who desire to impart
to shirt bosoms, collars, and other fabrics that fine
and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the
following recipe for making gum arabic starch will
be most acceptable, and should have a place in the
domestic scrap-book of every woman who prides
herself upon her capacity as a house-wife and the
neatness of her own, her husband's, and family's
dress; and, if she does not take pride in these things,
her husband is an unfortunate man:—

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic pow-
der, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or
more of boiling water, according to the degree of
strength you desire, and then, having covered it,
let it stand night. In the morning, pour it care-
fully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it,
and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-wa-
ter stirred into a pint of starch that has been made
in the usual manner will give the linens (either
white, black, or printed) a look of newness, when
nothing else can restore them after washing. It is
also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and
bobbinet."

TO PREPARE CHERRIES WITHOUT STONES.—"In
the spring, before the circulation of the sap, a
young seedling cherry-tree is split from the upper
extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by
means of a piece of wood in the form of a spatula,
the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such
a manner as to avoid any excoriations or other in-
jury; a knife is used only for commencing the split.
Afterwards the two sections are brought together,
and tied with woolen, care being taken to close her-
metically with clay the whole length of the cleft.
The sap soon reunites the separated portions of the
tree, and, two years afterwards, cherries are pro-
duced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones,
there will only be small soft pellicles."

HINTS TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.—A most beauti-
ful and easily attained show of evergreens may be
had by a very simple plan, which has been found
to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If
geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy
trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut up
for clips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, af-
ter dropping for a few days, shed their leaves, put
forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all
the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus
filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the
bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for
the whole season. They require no fresh water.

ORONDELLO.—This lotion being a valuable applica-
tion for sprains, lambs, weakness of joints, &c.,
and it being difficult to procure either pure or fresh-
ly made, we give a receipt for its preparation.—
Dissolve an ounce of camphor in a pint of rectified
spirits of wine, then dissolve four ounces of hard
white Spanish soap, scraped thin, in four ounces of
oil of rosemary, and mix them together.

A VERY pretty and economical finish for sheets,
pillow-cases, &c., may be made from the cut-
tings of bleached muslin: Cut one and a half inch
squares, and fold them bias, from corner to corner,
then fold again, so as to form a point, seam on to the
straight side on raw edge and face on a strip to cov-
er the seam.

MILDEN STAINS are very difficult to remove from
linen. The most effectual way is to rub soap on the
spots, then chalk, and bleach the garment in the hot
sun.

TO TAKE LICK OUT OF MARGARINE.—Mix, in a tea-
spoonful of cold water, a few drops of oil of vitriol
touch the spot with a feather dipped in the liquid.

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good
farmer?"

"Oh, yes, massa, he very good farmer, he
make two crops in one year."

"How is that Sambo?"

"Why he sell his hay in do fall, and make
money once, den in the spring he sell de hides
ob de cattle dat die for want ob de hay, and
make money twice."

"Within the last six years, it is said, \$1,-
500,000 have been subscribed towards the en-
dowment of Baptist colleges and seminaries
in this country. The whole number of instruc-
tors connected with them is 154, students over
2,500. They have graduated over 4,000 stu-
dents in all, and their libraries contain more
than 120,000 volumes."

Of the four hundred and twenty-four in-
mates of the Insane Asylum at Utica during
the past year, ninety were intemperate—one
hundred were addicted to the use of tobacco—
twenty-eight had no education—one hundred
and eighty-seven were not connected with any
religious denomination.

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young
urchin as he drew his pocket knife across the
leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts,"
reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane
across the back of the young urchin.

Love one human being purely and warm-
ly, and you will love all! The heart in this
heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing
which it warms and fills.

"At mit be the reason dat Shoseph
wouldn't sleep mit Yiftar's wife?" inquired
an honest Dutchman of his boy.

"Sploose he wasn't sleepy," replied the young-
ster.

Some one speaking of the venerable ap-
pearance of a stout orator, says, he stood up
like "one of 'em," with his bald head and hands
in his breeches pockets.

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel
with his intimate friend because he jocosely as-
serted that he was born without a shirt to his
back.

"Stop Hunt!" A Scotch gentleman puts
the postage stamps the wrong way upon his let-
ters, and calls it, with a tender feeling, "Turn-
ing a penny!"

The way to be happy—go without your
breakfast and dinner, and see if you don't feel
happy when it is supper time.

We have met the enemy and they are
ours, as the old woman said after she had
slain about a peck of bed-bugs.

A young man who has recently got
married, says he did not find it half so hard to
get married as to get the furniture.

THE RED FLAG VICTORIOUS.—The Blood
Red Banner of Deceit has just opened the
cheapest and most splendid assortment of Goods
ever displayed before this community, and exactly
adapted to their many and various necessities.
Every variety of Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots,
Shoes, Cloths, Cassimeres, and all other kinds of
dry-goods that are unapproachable by any